

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

Published Every Morning in the Year by
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.

Subscription Office:
734 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.
Entered as second-class matter, October 3, 1896,
at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under act
of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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Subscription Rates by Carrier or Mail.
Daily and Sunday.....50 cents per month
Daily and Sunday.....\$5.00 per year
Daily, without Sunday.....40 cents per month
Daily, without Sunday.....\$4.00 per year
Sunday, without daily.....\$2.00 per year

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Manuscripts offered for publication will
be returned if unavailable, but stamps
should be sent with the manuscript for
that purpose.

All communications intended for this
newspaper, whether for the daily or the
Sunday issue, should be addressed to
THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Representative, J. C. WILKES
SPECIAL AGENT, Brunswick Building.
Chicago Representative, BARNARD & BRAN-
HAM, Boyce Building.

THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1909.

THE NATION'S CITY.

"That the Washington Herald will
stand for the best interests of Wash-
ington keeps in mind, however, that
this is a national city—the nation's
city—and that its present greatness
and future pre-eminence have as a
basis its national character."—From
editorial foreword in the first issue of
this paper, October 3, 1906.

The Consumers Should Speak Out.

We have been moved to earnest
speculation more than once of late concern-
ing the so-called consumers, the common
people, the masses—whatever you designate
that somewhat indefinite and vague ag-
gregation of individuals supposedly fated
to pay the price of a high protective
tariff and the many doubtful blessings
that travel in its train.

The consumers hear from Congress-
men that, if they are there, wherever there
is. But does Congress ever hear from the
consumers? Rarely, and certainly with
scant attention to detail when it does.
The great business interests have their
attorneys and representatives to speak
for them; pamphlets, statistics, argu-
ments, briefs, and so on pour into the
Congressional committees and come to
Congressmen in person. Senators and
Representatives are beset on all sides to
consider the lot of the mighty tariff ben-
eficiaries. But who speaks for the con-
sumers? Nobody in particular; they do
not even speak for themselves, it seems.
One Senator even says, "The consumer is
a myth."

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, through his
Weekly Jeffersonian, is trying his level
best to get something from the consumers
before Congress in tangible form. We
hope he will succeed. If these silent, suf-
fering citizens have anything to say why
the tariff grab should not be made even
more fruitful than ever before, let them
speak now, or forever and hereafter hold
their peace. If they have words to utter
or tears to shed, let them utter the for-
mer where Congress may hear, and shed
the latter where the powers that be may
see. Mr. Watson has long championed
the cause of the masses against the
classes. He is close to the common
people, if any man is. His following is
surely made up of consumers. We never
heard of a capitalist having a very kind
word for Tom Watson; but we never
heard of a plow hand who had not. If
anybody within the sphere of Mr. Wat-
son's influence can make the consumers
speak out, Mr. Watson is the man.

Here is a sample plea from the dis-
tinguished Georgian:

"Congress has been at work fixing up a new
tariff bill. Now let us hear what the
people have to say. It is not too late. Do it for
God's sake do it, and make them feel your
power. Tell them in good strong English that you
will remember it against them always, if they
ever with the trust. The lumber kings are letting
no grass grow under their feet. * * *

"Did you bring any presents to bear? Did you
drop a word to your Senator or Representative?
If not, do it now. It isn't too late. Do it for
God's sake do it, and make them feel your
power. Tell them in good strong English that you
will remember it against them always, if they
ever with the trust. The lumber kings are letting
no grass grow under their feet. * * *

"Senator D. U. Fletcher, of Florida, is one of
the champions of the trust in its fight on the people
who must buy lumber. Fletcher receives lumber
trust telegrams, asking for tariff duties on foreign
lumber and Fletcher has those telegrams printed
in the Congressional Record."

Now that sounds businesslike, and
ought to get results, if anything will get
them. Senator Fletcher stands in no
class by himself, in so far as his hearing
from the lumber interests is concerned,
we imagine. If Senators and Representa-
tives in Congress assembled are appealed
to generally only on one side of a public
question, they may incline to that side,
and not unreasonably. True, platforms say
this, that, and the other, but if alleged
plutocratic citizens proceed to stir them-
selves to convince Congress that plat-
forms really mean something else, then
everyday citizens should see that their
Representatives are reminded of a few
forgotten things, as Mr. Watson suggests.

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty,
we are told.

But if that is the only way for the people
to get what they want, and get it
right now, it is worth while.
It would be interesting to know how
many letters, telegrams, and so forth
reach Congress as a result of Mr. Wat-
son's appeal, and what effect those let-
ters have, if any, on the Congressional
delegation from Mr. Watson's own State—
Georgia. There are some Senators and
Representatives in Congress from down
that way who have apparently run coun-
ter to the Democratic platform enun-
ciated at Denver, and to that specific por-
tion Mr. Watson refers. Does the
Georgia consumer approve or disapprove
of that? It would be interesting to know,
actually and in absolute truth. Let's get
at this consumer party, if we possibly
may. If his say were poured into the
ears of the Congressional delegation, the
effect of that pouring would go far

toward clearing a mist of most perplex-
ing uncertainty. We hope we shall find
out, and soon, just what comes of Mr.
Watson's appeal in Dixie.

Servia's refusal to buy King Peter off
at \$50,000 per annum indicates, to our
way of thinking, that Servia is a mighty
foolish tightwad.

The Cowboy Passes.

With the westward march of economic
progress the cowboy is becoming a
picturesque figure of the past. The cattle
car su, plants the long marches on the
hoof to markets no longer distant in time
from the places of production, and on
the ranges the wire fence lessens the use-
fulness of the round-up and the branding-
iron. This fact is emphasized at the mo-
ment by the abandonment of a project
to hold a cowboy convention at Seymour,
Tex. In 1897 there were assembled at
that place no fewer than 20,000 cowboys,
white and red. Now, it is estimated, not
more than a few hundred could be gath-
ered together.

The passing of the cowboy, like that
of the Indian, is a loss to the picturesque
in the life of the West; but it means a
gain to civilization. The Indian disap-
pears in tradition more squalid than
poetic; but the white cowboy, with the
energy of his race, becomes himself a
producer, instead of a mere herder, of
wealth. The change is a gain also to the
consumer, for not only is the labor cost
of the product lessened, but the living
animal reaches the abattoir comparatively
fresh from the grazing land, without the
necessity of refueling at the end of a
long, exhausting march.

Yet the cowboy will remain in sufficient
number to lend a living reality to tradi-
tion. He is still needed in limited num-
bers on the ranges; and the circus arena
is still open, where he is greeted with ap-
plause for skillful riding, and as a
reminiscence of what he did when cattle
trails crossed the path of the savage.
But no more will his pay days be cele-
brated by visits to the nearest center of
frontier civilization and whisky, where he
once was wont to "shoot up" the town
with salvos of pistol shots into the air
that were as harmless, even though
nerve-racking to the timid, as were his
exhilarated yells.

When the French people—or a fraction
of them—begin to shout "Vive le Roi,"
in connection with the present Duke of
Orleans, it is evident enough the limit
has been reached, and peace and quiet
are about to settle down.

The Passing of Meredith.

Wherever the English language is
spoken there will be grief over the death
of George Meredith, the dean of English
novelists. In his death there fades away
almost the last link that binds the pre-
sent to that glorious literary epoch that
has come, largely and broadly, to be
called the Victorian, which included such
a galaxy of names as Dickens, Thack-
eray, George Eliot, and Thomas Hardy.
Of these, only Hardy survives to regret
Meredith, who was his master and model
in the art of fiction-writing.

It has been fifty years since Meredith
first attracted the attention of discrim-
inating critics by his novel, "The Order
of Richard Feverel," which came into
being in 1859, the same year that saw the
birth of George Eliot's "Adam Bede."
But prior to "The Order of Richard
Feverel," which is so vital and appealing
that the years have only increased its
charm, Meredith had done much to win
literary fame by his "Arabian Entertain-
ment" (which, by the way, undoubtedly
influenced profoundly Robert Louis Ste-
venson), by his "The Shaving of Shagpat"
and other works.

Although Meredith wrote twelve nov-
els, all of them entitled to respect, it is
probable that save for "The Order of
Richard Feverel" he would be much less
widely known as a novelist. For that is
the one novel he wrote in which the
human quality is predominant, and there
are many of us who will agree with
Robert Louis Stevenson that the love
scene between Richard and Lucy in that
book is the strongest scene of its kind
written since Shakespeare. In spiritual
exaltation and in poetic quality of style
George Meredith, in this one scene, sur-
passed even himself.

Popular in the sense that he was be-
loved of the masses, George Meredith
never was and possibly never will be.
His novels were received with apathy
by the English people, and though he
confesses that at one time he made an
effort to break down the spirit of cold
criticism in which he was regarded, he
soon gave this up. He came to believe
that his later contemporaries knew little
about him or his purposes and he wrote
thereafter to suit himself.

As a writer of prose the only con-
temporary American writer with whom
Meredith might be compared would be
Henry James. Their methods, their
aims, were largely the same, and the
same involved style marks many pas-
sages of their fiction.

It is perhaps as poet and critic that
George Meredith will be longest remem-
bered. His services to literature were
extensive, and as literary adviser and
critic he did much to keep the current
of English literature pure and whole-
some.

The poet was strong within him, and
the fact that he married the daughter of
that exquisite singer, Thomas Love Pea-
cock, probably aided greatly this side of
his nature. His output was not large,
but there are songs in "Poems and Lyrics
of the Joy of Earth," in "Poems and
Ballads of Tragic Life," in "A Reading
of Earth," and in "The Empty Purse"
that will not soon be forgotten.

Honored in his later years by the great
ones of the earth who paid homage to
his genius, George Meredith drank deeply
from the cup of fame, and though, per-
haps, his writings won for him little of
that deeply sentimental affection that was
the portion of Thackeray and Dickens,
there are few who knew him through
his work that will not regard his death
with respectful sorrow. But it is an
intellectual sorrow, rather than that of
the heart; for his appeal was to the mind
always, and in the list of England's in-
tellectuals the name of George Meredith
will always hold a high place.

"People laugh when the question is
asked, 'What is a Democrat?' But what
is a Republican?" inquires the Spring-
field Republican. Well, with a Republi-
can House of Representatives voting for

free iron ore, and eighteen Democratic
Senators voting for a tariff thereon, we
should say, A Democrat is a Republican,
and a Republican is a Democrat.

"Command" in the Navy.

There are indications, it is stated, of a
reopening of the question whether a
naval surgeon may "command" a naval
hospital ship. This vexatious problem,
which most people thought had been
settled for all time, is about to be pre-
sented on account of the fact that the
U. S. S. Solace is being converted from
a cruising war ship into a floating hospi-
tal. The work is being done at the
new yard at Charleston, S. C., with the
intention that the vessel will be ready
for commissioning by the time the ships
of the Atlantic fleet assemble about June
15. A naval surgeon has been selected to
take command of the hospital corps men
and the merchant crew of the vessel, as
was done in the case of the hospital ship
Relief.

The experience with the Relief under
Surgeon Charles F. Stokes was one
which reflected great credit upon that
able member of the naval medical corps
and allayed the alarm of those who ap-
prehended disaster, just as it stopped
the ridicule which found opportunity for
expression. There is no reason to expect
that anything of a different sort will
happen in the case of the Solace under
another naval surgeon. It would be a
pity to renew the question of "command"
exercised by a naval surgeon on board
a naval hospital ship. It all seems to be
a matter of expression, which the fight-
ing officers of the navy need not bother
very much about, since assuredly no
member of the fighting personnel wants
to take command of noncombatants on
board a vessel which is protected against
attack by the Geneva cross.

It is hoped that the public will be
spared the tiresome review of any more
line and staff squabbling. It has
been sufficiently demonstrated that noth-
ing disastrous has come to the navy
because Surgeon Stokes commanded the
Relief, and that ought to be ample
answer to those who believe they have
an opportunity to reopen a question with
a new administration.

"I will remain in politics until I die,"
says Uncle Joe. Some folks may not
like "Uncle Joe's" style of beauty, but
nobody doubts he is game, all right.

The Philadelphia Public Ledger thinks
the old poem "Woodman, Spare That
Tree" may yet become a national cam-
paign cry. In other words, there is good
timber for a political platform therein.

"The end of the world is near," says
a Houston, Tex., minister. Right at hand,
in fact. Everybody knows Houston is
the jumping-off place.

Moreover, if the Mad Mullah gets too
forward with his talk, Bwana Tumbo
may step over and show him how to
run the government.

"No American man ever tried to flirt
with me," says Elinor Glynn. A tip to
Elinor: That is not the line of talk
calculated to get them busy.

"Will a gentleman 'cuss' the umpire?"
asks the Spartanburg Herald. When the
umpire refuses to give the home team
the benefit of all the doubts—yes!

The colonel evidently thinks Count
Tolstoy is a good many things Mr. Jacob
Rills is not.

The trouble with Senator Bailey's
tax proposition is that it is such a
good thing it is destined to die very
young.

"We have not yet come to deal with
the consumer," says Senator Hale. Gee
whizz!

Some near-by counter attraction surely
must have bluffed Rainsell far into the
tail and uncot.

We should not be surprised in the least
to learn that a little quiet figuring is
being indulged in nowadays by certain
eminent Senators desirous of ascertaining
just how much support they might rea-
sonably expect from the Democrats in
Congress in the matter of a ship subsidy
bill—later on, later on, of course. Do not
get excited!

"We don't want to brag," says the
Charlotte Observer. Just do it for spite,
eh?

"The latest yarn from Africa tells how
Teddy killed an enraged lion just in time
to save the lives of 400 porters," says
the Atlanta Georgian. Let us be accu-
rate; it was 399 porters, not 400. With
that exception, there is positively noth-
ing short and ugly about the yarn at all.

An Alabama patriot seeks to enjoin the
sale of so-called near-beer, because it is
real beer, even though labeled near-beer,
which is a violation of the pure food law.
This is a most extraordinary legal
action, we think.

Cutting remarks were evident enough
when the Senate was discussing the razor
schedules. None of the schedules was
cut, however.

And even if the duty on hosiery is in-
creased, do not rush to the conclusion
that you can make up on a little more
conscientious darning. O ye housewives
of the land. The duties on needles and
thread both are scheduled to go up.

"The King of Italy had the honor of
being presented to Mr. Carnegie," says
a cable. As a rule, according to the
cables, distinguished travelers are pre-
sented to the king, but, of course, with
"Uncle Andy" it was different.

The jokermith on the Montgomery
Advertiser found an unsigned postcard
on his desk recently, reading: "A Kansas
City funny man won a wife with his
jokes." He is somewhat puzzled to know
whether this was intended as a warning
and a threat or a friendly tip.

Somehow, we think it must be hard to
accumulate a Chautauqua reputation
from participation in a tariff debate.

"A Chicago prophet announces that
something extraordinary is about to hap-
pen," says the Toledo Blade. Perhaps
the Washington baseball team is about
to climb up third from bottom.

A German inventor has produced a
photograph that can be heard several
miles. We fear many of us will live
to curse the day that fellow was born.

The policemen at Coney Island this
summer will all be married men. Beyond
them, however, we suppose it will be as
much of a gamble as ever.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

GAME AND COPY.

He kills a monster every day
in open fight.
I thought the Colonel went away
Mainly to write.

It's well enough to make a kill
from place to place.
I thought his object was to fill
A lot of space.

But now I think I understand
His little ruse.
He's out for both the hunting and
The current gus.

No Doubt.

"Some of the department stores are
putting in theaters."

"Will they allow shoppers to inspect
a couple of acts with a view of buying
seats if the play suits?"

A Suggestion.

"One trouble about keeping a saloon is
that you have to drink with everybody."

"Why don't you employ a social secre-
tary?"

Hard to Choose.

"Why can't she make a choice between
her suitors?"

"Well, one of them is a press agent.
His language is very attractive. But the
other is a traveling salesman, and he
treats her as if she were a big buyer."

Human Nature.

No man respects free advice.
We'd rather go
To those we know
Will charge a handsome price.

Ought to Help.

"We must do something to improve
collections at our church."

"Why not have the plate passed by our
prettiest girls?"

Here and There.

"The only difference is that Europe has
stone ruins and we have wooden ones."

"What ruins have we in this country?"
"Race track grand stands."

Quite So.

"Some of these Balkan kings are pretty
reckless."

"They are that. Steer the ship of state
like it was a racing auto."

CIVIC BEAUTIFICATION.

Fine Opportunity Now to Reverse
The Methods of the Past.

From the Omaha Bee.

A notable gathering of artists, land-
scape gardeners, and architects in Wash-
ington has been discussing civic beau-
tification. In no one thing is the United
States so far behind Europe, Egypt, and
Central American cities as far in ad-
vance of us in this respect. Europe has
the advantage of the art accumulation of
ages, but no such reason favors South
America. The growth of the United
States has been so prodigious along util-
itarian and material lines that too little
attention has been paid to public adorn-
ment, and even our few efforts usually
look out of place with their surround-
ings.

A great opportunity is presented to
us now for a reversal of past methods.
Our cities have reached a period of their
development at which they can well
afford to pay attention to the artistic.
Under our system of popular government
there will always be difficulties encour-
aged that others do not have to contend
with. Berlin, Paris, and other cities of
Europe, and even South America, have
made artistic, not alone by civic
beautification, but by public regulation
of private building such as would not be
possible here. No attempt has been made
in the United States to restrict building
further than to protect surrounding
property from fire and other hazards.
Architecturally, the builder has been left
free to follow his own fancy, with the
result that a sad incongruity in the
groupings of even our finest buildings
often offends every artistic sense. Much
can be done to cure the evil through the
medium of education. As it must neces-
sarily be a slow process, the present is
none too soon for a beginning. Our mun-
icipal State, and general government, can
further the movement by setting
good examples and furnishing object
lessons for individual enterprise that will
hasten the desired achievement.

OLD-FASHIONED DEMOCRATS.

Col. Watterson About the Only One
Left in Dixie-land.

From the New York Tribune.

The dispirited Washington correspond-
ent of the Columbia (S. C.) State writes
in his newspaper that the only way "to
cure the sad condition of affairs" brought
about by the split in the Southern Demo-
cracy over the iron ore and lumber duties
is "to have a Republican party in the
South, or at least some other party where
the protectionists can go."

From a partisan point of view,
wouldn't the cure be more disastrous than
the disease? How many anti-protection-
ists would be left in the South after the
new protection party got fairly started?
Col. Watterson is about the only old-
fashioned Democrat left in Dixie-land,
and he is too busy fighting prohibi-
tion—another popular Southern idea—to
give any time to a fresh crusade against
the custom houses. The new party would
have a practical walkover south of the
Potomac.

Eastern Resources Going West.

From the New York Times.

The West is transplanting and domesti-
cating the best of the natural resources
of the East. Seth Green took to Cali-
fornia in 1871 a lot of young shad from
the Hudson River and planted 10,000
of them in the Sacramento River. In 1879
the Federal Fishery Bureau planted 135
striped bass in an arm of San Francisco
Bay. The fisheries along the entire Pacific
coast to-day team with striped bass
and shad, while these fish are being
hunted to extermination in the Atlantic
coastal waters. Dispatches from Wash-
ington announce that the more impor-
tant hardwoods from the Eastern forests—the
chestnut, hickory, basswood, red oak,
and yellow poplar—are to be planted in
the national ranges of California. These
timber waters of the East, and the State
and Federal governments are making
no adequate provision to renew them.

THE LURE OF THE GAME.

The worried colonel, name rough and paint,
Looked his sad-faced self in the eyes;
He said: "I must change my life today,
And be a hunter of the great outdoors."
There is naught ahead—I must change my lot.
But applause swept him, and cheers,
And his eyes were alight with a flame youth-
ful, and he doffed full twenty years.
He is the hunter and isn't the game—
It's the lure, the lure of the game.

From the broker's hands there fell away
The tape, in a heap on the floor;
He said: "I must change my life today,
And be a hunter of the great outdoors."
There is naught ahead—I must change my lot.
But applause swept him, and cheers,
And his eyes were alight with a flame youth-
ful, and he doffed full twenty years.
He is the hunter and isn't the game—
It's the lure, the lure of the game.

So the lure, the lure of the game.

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WASHINGTON CHAT.

By THE SPECTATOR.

At a dinner the other night, when most
of the convives were naval officers, the
conversation turned on Capt. Paget, or, to
give him his full name, since there are
so many Pagets, Capt. Alfred Wyndham
Paget, who was the naval attaché of the
British Embassy during the war with
Spain.

Like nearly all of his countrymen, Capt.
Paget's sympathies were strongly with
the Americans, a fact which he took no
pains to conceal, but made it apparent,
rather, and was wont to speak of what
the outcome would be for "us" and to
jubilate over every victory that the Amer-
icans gained.

Together with the other naval attachés
of foreign powers, Capt. Paget accom-
panied the American fleet to Cuba, and
when a party made a landing on the island,
went along, not to collect botanical and
geological specimens, as did many of his
colleagues, but to go over the entire
ground with the marines or naval detach-
ment, as the case might be, and when
the party which he was a member ap-
proached the enemy he was always in
the front rank.